

Carmen Irenicum.

IMPERIALIUM
Magnæ Britanniæ
CORONARUM
UNIO.

Auctore Elkanah Settle.

K



Anno Domini. M DCC VII.

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75 h 16

Carmen Irenicum.

THE
UNION
OF THE
Imperial Crowns
OF
Great BRITAIN.

A N
Heroick POEM.

L O N D O N,
Printed for the Author, M DCC VII.



Q J

101

TO THE
QUEEN'S
Most Excellent MAJESTY.

MADAM,

Amongst the Thousand and Ten Thousand Knees, all bending before the Throne of MAJESTY to offer up their dutious Hymns of Gratitude to the Sovereign Foundress of so Universal a Blessing, The UNION of Two (now truly happy) Kingdoms; be graciously pleas'd to permit the bumblest, tho' unworthiest of those numerous bowing Heads, with all profoundest Veneration, to prostrate himself, and this small Oblation, at Your Royal Feet.

When all Eyes look up, with an uncommon Satisfaction, to see so Great a WORK so fruitlessly attempted by Your Royal Ancestours, and so Gloriously Perfected in Your MAJESTY's Auspicious Reign: Whatever Subject Matter of Admiration it might otherwise afford, the Wonder wholly vanishes when we lift up our Thoughts to the equitable Dispensations of Providence, in so peculiarly reserving the Performance of this shining Labour, amongst the other Unequal'd Atcheivements under Your Prosperous Administration, for such exalted PIETY, so justly the Darling of Heaven; reserv'd for that most Sacred MAJESTY of BRITAIN, that Reigns for her People, not Herself; She that brings a Hand and a Heart to the High Helm of Pow'r, so refinedly Qualify'd for the Divine Vicegerency, an Imperial Soveraignty; as to taste no other

other Joys of Empire, than those that ev'n the Immortal Guardians of the Throne share with Her; whilst every Darling Pleasure that fills that Hallow'd Breast, with an unblushing Glory, may warm so fair a SOUL, before the high Altars of GOD.

Were it possible to make a Penetration into the Heart of MAJESTY for the full Discovery of those Transports of Delight the SOVERAIN of Her now UNITED-BRITAIN has conceiv'd on this Memorable Occasion, beyond the Publick Expressions She has been pleas'd to give the World on that Subject; we must intrude even into Her Retiring Closet for so Sublime a Speculation: For Her Raptures are only rais'd highest, when Her Knee bends lowest.

If then my Presumption in addressing this Poem to Your MAJESTY may arrogate any least Pretension to Your Royal Pardon, it has no other Beam of Grace to hope from, than that the Subject of it has so deservedly found so warm a Royal Smile. 'Tis under this only Umbrage I have assum'd the Boldness thus to publish myself,

MADAM,

Your MAJESTY's

Most Dutiful Subject,

E. Settle.

To the PATRIOTS of Great Britain.

Gentlemen,

AS 'tis the peculiar Glory of the *British Genius*, that not only Your Native Country, but the World, Your Adoption, has been equally Your Charge and Care; after so long therefore and so unwearyed a Cheerfulness in Your Generous and Immense Contributions to the Succour of *Christendom*; when from this dazzling Review of the warm Zeal within Your *Senatory-Walls* in that Illustrious Cause, we look up yet higher to the Great Hands joyn'd in this last Pacifick Labour, the *UNION of Two Kingdoms*, we can only sum up Your shining Character in this short, but emphatick Panegyrick, *You are the Warriours Abroad, and the Peace-Makers at Home.*

Besides those infinite National-Blessings, obvious to all reasonable Foresight, that shall attend this Glorious UNION; Providence seems more particularly to have enlighten'd the Wisdom of the Nation to the Performance of this Mighty Work, to make You even a grateful Return for the numerous Millions You have so frankly exhausted in the Defence of *Europe*: For, as You have thus long founded so chargeable a Feast to treat the World around You, You have made this happy UNION at Home, as will soon encourage those active Hands, as shall replenish the Granaries You have so generously emptied, and by an Encrease of Commerce and Industry, repay Your *Britannia* back again the Wealth her Auxiliary Glory has so liberally expended.

And to crownall, You have this visible Prospect before You, That as You have laid out so vast a Treasure in the Prosecution of the War, and all for the fixing of a solid and lasting Peace to *Christendom*; You have happily establish'd this UNION to secure such a lasting Foundation, whilst You have rendered Yourselves, a now *United-Nation*, too Formidable, to fear the starting up of any new Insults from irregular Ambition to disturb the future Repose of the World; when the thus Strengthen'd *Great Britain*, with her wonted Goodness, always the Champion of Right, and Succourer of the Oppress'd, shall be ready to step forth to front so hardy an Attempter.

And really when we look forward to the Strength the Happy *Britain* shall receive from this UNION, we may truly and honestly say, even in the midst of all our late Amazing Triumphs, *The Glory of Her Arms has hitherto reacht no higher than to make Her Victorious: This UNION shall render Her Invincible.*

U N I O

Britannica.

HAC volente Die, quanto Pæane, Britannos,
Aspirante canet quō Numine, Musa Triumphos?
UNIO, Te canit; — Et colat. Ad tua sydera faustos
Ore pio tollens oculos, tibi supplicet almæ.
Huic operi te Divam exoret adesse faventem,
Plusquam Numen Apollineum, sacrisque Camænis
Ex alto Lumen Cælestius. Hinc prece blandâ
Expetat Auspicium; Dum Britones inde perennè
Exstructum Columen prospectent, concinat altam
Te Fundatricem, tantum illuſtrare Laborem.

Ante Orbes tu nata, & Luci Phosphorus ipſi,
UNIO, te celebrare, tuos speculemur Honores.
In Te retrorsūm longe videamus Opusque
Cæleſte & Terreſtre, D E I ſex ecce Diebus
Finitos, tantā fundatā mole, Labores.
Tuque Deo dederas requiescere; Opusque Creator
Viderat eſſe Bonum; Tu nempe benigna beāras.
Harmonia, Ordo, Decus, fabricati Machina Mundi,

Omnipotentis

T H E
U N I O N
O F
Great Britain, &c.

FO R Aiding Pow'rs this Task to undertake,
Where shall my Muse her Invocation make?
UNION the Song, let her alone to Thee,
Thee, UNION, lift her Eyes and bend her Knee:
Pray thy assisting Beam, a Pow'r Divine,
Beyond th' *Apollo* and inspiring *Nine*;
To tune her Airs, to the exalted Praise
Of th' *Albion* Bow'rs of Bliss, thy Smiles upraise,
Chant the Great Foundress first, thy Fount of Honour
(trac'd;
Then sing th' Illustrious Pile, thy Work of Glory last.

Hail then, bright UNION, thou so early born,
 In Times first Nonage, the World's infant Morn.
 Here let our retrospecting Wonder see
 God's Six Days Labours ended all in Thee ;
 By Thee his whole Creation Structure blest,
 He saw the Work was Good, and sate him down to rest;
 Order and Harmony, their sacred Frame,
 That lift so high th' Almighty Founders Name;

40 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Omnipotentis Honos, Divinior UNIO solum est.
 Suffinet illa polos. — Astris Terrisque regendis
 Naturae en volventis omus. — Tot Lumina sparsum
 Aspicimus, tot mille rotantia sidera Cæli,
 Cardinibus variis, vario cursuque movenda,
 (Assignante Deo) distincto munere, junctim
 Officio; Ob tantæ molis sociale Ligamen,
 Unio amica, tuum est. — Quid si Tutela Salusque,
 In te verè Anima Mundi mundana reposta est? :
 Oh nimium brevis illa tuo Provincia Sceptro!
 Correptis Astrisque illabentique superstes
 Orbi, regnabis (quò tolleris UNIO!) Mundi
 Non solum primi, sed Gloria summa futuri.
 Grandior ecce Labor! Peritum haud sufficit Orbem
 Te tanto ornatū, tantis decorasse Columnis:
 Effe quoque in fatis prospicimus affore Fronti
 Addendum Diadema superbius. Ultima Terras
 Cūm Tuba ad extremas audita, sonabit ab Astris,
 Pronuba Cælicolum Sponsalibus: Ecce beatæ
 Illæ Animæ, vel adhuc ipsa inter Gaudia Cæli
 Heu vidue, renovanda Hymenæi vincla parare,
 Conjugæ, ea à brevibus direpta amplexibus olim,
 Corpora, in æternum ad Connubia diva vocabunt;
 Tunc Capita à somno surgent lœtantiæ, ovansque
 Pulvis — Pulvis ovans? Ora irradiata resurgent,
 Digna Dei famulis, Animarum haud inpare formæ
 Ditata, & spousis dignissima. Vincula Amoris
 Æterni hæc æterna, tua, Unio, Dextra ligabit.
 Imò, ea, quæ tremulis Mortalibus obvia Vultus
 Horrendos, Faculum magis horrendum, obtulit olim;
 Nunc

CARMEN IRENICUM. 11

In their whole Soverain Sway are all no more,
Then UNION more Divine; Concurring Pow'r.
The numerous Wheels which yon vast Circle turn,
Where thousand thousand Lamps of Glory burn,
All from Omnipotence their Tasks assign'd,
The Movement various, but the Service joyn'd,
This immense Pile, the vast Creation Ball,
Thy single Gordian, UNION, binds 'em all.
Art thou the Cement of this spacious Frame,
And do's that narrower Honour boind thy Fame?
No, Union, Union, thy rais'd Head yet higher,
Thou shalt reign on, when Worlds themselves expire.
Thou shalt still shine, this first short World o'erpast,
The consummating Glory of the last.
'Tis not enough with all that beauteous Robe,
Thou deck'ſt so gay this perishable Globe;
Thy Brow reserv'd for brighter Laurels still,
When the last Trump the whole wide Round shall fill,
The loud Commanding Summons heard by all:
When at that more then Hymenœal Call,
The blessed Soul shall her new Spousals make,
Her divorc'd Partner's sleeping Dust shall wake;
Dust! No new purer Mould, from Dross and Shade,
Uprais'd with all unfading Light array'd,
Her equal Conjugal of Glory made.

Thus rais'd, thus bleſt, by Thee thus call'd to shine,
These Nuptials, this Immortal Hymen's Thine.
Yes, th' once dread King of Terroirs from his Throne
Hurl'd headlong, lost, extinct, himself alone
The sleeping Head; (no Grave now but his own!) }
No

12 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Nunc longum perdenda, Tyrannidis Orbe ruenti,
Fractoque æternum sceptro, lethalibus icta
Ipsaque Mors jaculis, solum morituraque, tota
Inter Terrarum evacuata sepulchra sepulchro
Sola suo recubans ; non ultrà hostilibus Armis
Dividet amplexus, & funera condet Amantum.
Immortalis Amor, Connubia sacraque Cælis,
Ob nunquam viduanda, à te stabilita perennè
Unio, florescent. Non solum Divus in altum
Angelicos sociare Choros ; dilata recepto
Corda Deo, sociumque Dei se tollat ad Astra.
Utque hæc obtineat cœlestia Præmia Virtus,
Dic Tuque assignetur opus tibi quale supernè !
Ad Visum tua Lux Divorum illuminat Ora
Sacra Beatificum ; Divinaque Brachia tu das.
Unio, prælustres ut adhuc celebremus Honores
Altius, alta, tuos, (Solium quo culmine Cæli !)
Unio ter felix, per Te totum aspice Numen
Consummatum ; in Te TRINUM Immortale recumbit.*

*Ut datur in superis tot tantaque posse ; quid infrà,
Unio, non poteris ! Teque arridente Britannas
Dij dederint junxisse Scotangla Ligamina Terras.
Ob quid Præsidium, quid Curarumque Levamen
Imperio attuleras hoc duplice — triplice Pacto ;
Ecce Deum ! Hæc pia Causa trahit socialiaque Astra.
Non Lumen neutrale polis. Utrosque per Orbis
Uno læta choro Vox Unica concinit ; æque
Auraque sana tuo a Boreâ fragrabit & Austro :
Hoc opus omne tuum est : Divisque Laboribus ille
Ultimus*

No more (fal'n Tyrants can no more destroy!)
 This Resurrection Bridal shall annoy ; }
 No, Thou shalt fix the Reign of everlasting Joy : }
 Not only mounting to th' Angelick Sphere,
 To joyn the endless Hallelujahs there,
 The bright Translated Saint yet more refin'd,
 By Thee ev'n with th' embodied God-head joyn'd.
 So joyn'd, this bright Reward to Virtue given,
 Oh *Union!* *Union!* What's thy Work in Heav'n ?
 By Thee th' enlighten'd Eyes the God shall see,
 The Beatifick Vision all from Thee.
 Nay, with ev'n yet more dazzling Lustre still,
 More Excellence Divine thy Orb of Pow'r to fill,
 The Mystick Essence of th' Immortal THREE,
 The very God himself's summ'd up in Thee.

In Heav'n so Potent, in thy Post Divine!
 And do's thy Pow'r Below less glorious shine?
 No, thou who tun'st *Britannia's* Royal Sphere
 T' a Harmony, till now ne'er reach'd her Ear:
 Dost thy joyn'd *Albion* and *Albania* view.
 This double, triple League, (for Heav'n's joyn'd too !)
 No neutral Stars when such Attraction draws:
 They shine all Parties in this darling Cause.
 Thou Soverain Foundress of a Pile so fair
 Whose North and South, now breathe one fragrant Air.
 To my poor Muse, thy bounteous Influence grant,
 Cheer'd and inspir'd, upraise her Song to chant,

D *Britain's*

14 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Ultimus accessit, lēto quoquē Maximus Orbi.
Sit Carmenque tuum, Radioque benigna potenti,
Ut Majora canat, Musæ succurre Minori.*

*Instrue Musa Lyras; utque hæc Concordia Regnum,
Et Carmen moduletur. Ea illucentia ab Ærd
Auspicia hæc volvenda, bunc totum latius Orbem,
Si peragrare velis, recinas Primordia Lucis.
Retro verte oculos antiqua per atria Regni,
A Proavis dñum, hisce minoribus, incipe Cantum.
Centenos Phœbi volventia Lumina cursus
Finierant. Distans tamè latè dormit Ætas,
Sublata ē vivis, cùm famâ vivere solum
Virginea Angliaco quondam Lux occidit Orbi.
Tunc Sceptri Angliacique Albanique unica pondus
Dextra STUARTA tulit (quā dives Origine!) Fonte
A duplice suscepit Regni habenas.
Ob dñi eternū memorabile nomen ELIZÆ!
Dilectam hanc Vitam decorandis protulit ævis,
Sceptrisque ornandis justissima Gratia Cæli.—
Et Cæli, & Cælis hæc Gratia. Floruit annis...
Non sibi fundatrix, Divas ut conderet Arces:
Haud sese, ut potius Cælum distaret ELIZA.*

*Prospera Roma suum, per secla rotantia longum
Immota, Imperium temuit, sic mole stupenda
Intumuit. (Funesta heu Gloria!) Dum magis alta,
Irradiata minus, caput extulit. Imò Potestas
Turgida convaluit, ceciditque elanguida Virtus.
Forma venusta, caput venerandum, hæc pristina Roma est.
Nec*

Britain's new Bond of Empire ty'd so fast,
Of all thy Mighty Labours, this thy last;
In thy Creation Mould, so all divinely cast.

Tuned to a Kingdoms Joys, this thy great Theme,
The flowing Blessings from so rich a Stream,
Thro' their whole spreading Shine, woud'st thou dif-
Look back, my Muse, to *Albion's* Morning Ray: (play
When thy wide ranging Wings such Glory trace,
From her bright Fount of Light set out thy Race.

Through his bright Orb of Day th' unwearied Sun
Has a long hundred annual Circles run,
Since the fair Virgin STAR of *Albion* set:
When those concenting Royal Glories met,
Rich both with th' *Albion* and *Albanian* Veins,
One STUART Hand took up the Double Reins.
Justly that lengthen'd Race of Fame-kind Heav'n,
Had to that Favourite Head the great *ELIZAH* given.
Yes kind t'it self: For Heav'n she reign'd alone,
The Pile she lived to raise was all its own,
T'enrich the Heav'ny, not her Earthly Throne.

Long Ages had proud *Rome* her Empire held,
To that prodigious Bulk her Grandeur swell'd.
Hard-fated Growth! still the more great, less bright,
As she enreas'd her Pow'r, shewaned her Light:
Rome's native Face of Innocence no Taint,
No Spot, nor poor delusive Art of Paint,
Had yet disgrac'd: In their whole Charms divine,
All beauteous did her first Pretensions shine.

Immortal

16 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Nec macule, nec fucus adhuc violaverat ora.
Nempe propagandæ Fidei, Templisque struendis
Incubuit pia Cura: Ille Ambitus, inde Triumphus.
Mandata, ob verè Cœlestia tradere, primus
Hic Labor, hoc opus: Hæc steterant Fundamina Romæ.
Sed cùm fabrilis sceptri, terrestris Honoris,
Væ vanæ! maleuada Fames accreverat; Atlas
Debilior, recubansque novo sub pondere languet:
Excidit ex humeris tutela minuta polorum.
Qualia nunc Holocausta parat? Libamina Cælo
Sacrata, hæc olim fragrantia, tinxit odore
Tam vili, ut nimium terrena Altaria fument.
Non sustentando Solium Cœlestis laborat:
Condere nempe suum genit anxia cura. Coronâ
Haud Mitrâ sudat frontem redimita; Decusque
Cœlestis à quondam rutilato decidit ore:
Scoria sordidior divum fuscaverat Aurum.*

*Hoc sceptrum, hæc Romæ Dominatio. At ecce fugatis
Nubibus, erranti succurrere, Gratia ab alto
Reddi sacra Diem jussit. Sic pristina Terris
Lux oritur. Mundo redimendo opiferque senilem
Euge, manum Henrice attuleras, Edvarde pusillam.
His oculis Aurora data est. Cœlestius Orbe
Divino, plusquam Phœbèum, ad culmina Cæli
Erectum Lumen cùm viderat Anglia; fixis
Lorisque & radiis, currûque potente; Labore
Finito Hoc solùm fragrabat Nomen ELIZÆ.*

*A Cælo longum Angliacis data Gloria Sceptris,
Æternum revocanda, Dei, sibi Provida terris
Abripuit*

Immortal Truth in fair Records enroll'd,
Her Depths and Mystick Wonders to unfold;
Her Temples rais'd, and Oracles convey'd,
These her original Foundation laid.
Till by ambitious Avarice headlong driven
The tempting World had lur'd her off from Heav'n.
Here as her Load of Earth more pond'rous grew,
'Midst her new Cares a feebler *Atlas* now,
Her Heavnlier Charge from her tir'd Shoulders threw. }
Thus still the more her Secular Pow'r she fixt,
Great Truth with new-found spurious Tinctures mixt;
Those gross ungenuine Steams, all sickly Smoke,
Did now her once all-fragrant Incense choak.
All Pageant Piety, vain Pomp alone,
Meer State-Machines of Interest, not the Throne }
Immortal to uphold, but raise her own.
Thus with a Diadem more then Mitre crown'd,
With Terrene Dross so thick she clog'd her round, }
Till moré then half her once cælestial Rays she drownd }

Thus reign'd imperious *Rome*, till Heav'n so pleas'd
(From her too gloomy Bed her Head uprais'd,) }
Did *Christendom's* too long seal'd Eyes once more
In pity to her primitive Light restore.
Eight *Henry* and Sixth *Edward's* shorter Sway
Saw the bright Dawn of this reviving Day.
To make her full Meridian Glory shine,
That was the great *ELIZA's* work Divine.
Thus fair *ELIZA* blest the *Albion* Throne,
Till Heav'n that lent her long reclaim'd its own.

E When

18 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Abripuit te Dextra, suamque resumpsit ELIZAM.
Quid tantis Meritis; quid ELIZÆ grata refundant
Numina? Numen adest. Lugenti Phosphorus Orbi
En vivum condit Monumentum. Divæ Honorum
Virtutumque Hæres, gemmatæ Hæresque Coronæ
Stellatæque, decus divinum æquè attulit Aris.
Sceptrysque, ob verè tibi Proximus, ille JACOBUS.
Sic non perdendum, Deus, indelebile Fato,
Immortale sacræ Mundo dat Lumen ELIZÆ.*

*Adante Albione ut primus Diadema recepit,
Albionique suum dedit, ille JACOBUS; ELIZA
Anglichenum quid si pulcherrima; & ultima Lux est.
Vita brevis nimirum, sua solum, exhauserat Ævi
Hoc Decus. A venis fælicior orta JACOBI
Affluet ornandis æternum Gloria sceptris.
Lumen inextinctum sacris ille afferet Aris,
Afferet Imperio quicquid Prece, quicquid & Auro
Appetitur. Fidei defensæ ut strenua Regum
Corda genuque daret; sua stemmata ab ore tonante
Devia devovit; fidis benedixit. In altum
Albion hinc vidit Templa affurgentia. Divas
Sustulit ille Arces. Potuit quid Dexteræ ELIZÆ!
Huic fundasse minus quam sustentare JACOBO.*

*Anglia leta suos ut latè hæc Regia vidit
Munera ab Albanis Dextris diffusa per Agros;
Hisce Caledoniis, dic Musa, faventibus Afris,
Auspiciis tantis quid reddidit Anglia grata? —*

Debita

When from the Earth that beauteous Light retir'd,
JAMES from her own bright Altar-coal inspir'd
Her Throne and Virtue's Successor, so pleas'd,
Indebted Heav'n her Living Monument rais'd.
Resolv'd such never-dying Worth to save,
From the keen Gorge of a devouring Grave,
Wise Providence did this securest way
Her Immortality's Foundation lay.

Thus was First JAMES, by *Albion* call'd t'her Throne,
Her Scepter to receive, and give his own.
What tho' the fairest, the last *Albion Light*,
ELIZA's single Glory shin'd so bright,
Pent only to a Life. Great JAMES he brings,
From his Rich Veins an endless Race of Kings.
Brings t' his dear Altars their ne'er setting Light,
Brings all for which we Pray, and all for which we Fight.
The Imperial Reins, and true Defended Faith,
To true-bent Royal Knees resolving to bequeath ;
That none but meriting Hands that Charge shou'd grace,
Curst his Apostate, blest his whole believing Race.
Thus *Albion* saw her rising Temples shine
From JAMES their strongest Architect Divine.
A Work not short ELIZA's Hand cou'd wield ;
So much 'tis greater to uphold, then build.

For these long Blessings round her happy Land
Showr'd from a Royal *Caledonian Hand* ;
Say, say, my Muse, so vast a Debtor made,
What just Returns has grateful *Albion* paid ?

This

20 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Debita sic solvit — Nimiūm sibi Proxima, Dives,
Prospера, Magna, inter cumulos epulatur Honorum.
Dumque Caledonia hæc convivia struxit opima,
Esurit intactis dapibus ; sejunctaque Cura,
Et minima est. Dum vilis, Imagoque Regia solum
Viderit heu longūm Palatia nuda, Thronumque
Desertunt ; Capita hæc quondam fulgentia, edace
Dente Vetus tatis, neglectus pondere duro
Pressa, ruinosas frontes mutantia ; Regum
Corda suo Boreā vel frigidiora rigebant.*

*Heu quid inane refers ! dic Musa, Albania tantis
Conspicua emicuit Meritis ; abjectaque luxit
Tristis ab Angliacis tam longūm amplexibus Exul !
Imò ægra ora retrò centenos tolle per annos,
Albionem obiectam tantâ caligine spectes,
Ut nec Præsidio, Paci, nec provida Famæ,
Viderit Auroram ter fausta bujusce Diei
Exortam in Cælis tam tardâ Luce Britannis.*

*Albioni nimiūm sonus horrens UNIO, Faftus
Angliacus vocem raris hanc auribus haufit.
Dic quibus iratis a Diis, Genioque simistro,
Ista mora est ; quæ causa latens, quisve oblitus Obex
Invidus, infectum ut per longa opus hæserit Æva ?
Deerat enim tanto vel posse aut velle Labori ?
Posse ! nihil dubites ; Quid enim non posse sit Anglis ?
Nolenti tardescit opus. Heu velle negatum est.
Causa patet, nec mirum, opus Anglia tarda morata est.
Intus Avaritiâ nimis Invidiâque dolebat.*

Utque

This, this Return she made.— T' her self too kind,
Her own Feast-Founders thrown to starve behind,
Her seperate, least Care; left all alone
Pow'r's Image only, a deserted Throne.
Her naked Pallace, once a Dome more gay,
Expos'd to mouldring Ruines and Decay,
From the bleak Blasts of Slight and eating Time;
Her Soverain Lords ev'n colder then her Clime.

Hold, hold my Muse: Cou'd such th' *Albanian* Charms
Draw her no nearer to the *Albion* Arms!
No, in Amaze, all backwards thro' a whole
Long Century thy akeing Eyes must rowl,
With pain the fullen *Albion* to behold
So blind t' her Glory, to her Bliss so cold:
To see no sooner in the *British* Skies
The cheering Dawn of this blest Morning rise.

An *Union*! No, with a too deafen'd Ear
That Name the *Albion* Pride would never hear.
But why, oh why? say, say my Muse from whence
The louring Starrs, and malign Influence,
That have so long this sacred *Union* barr'd!
Was the great Work too slighted, or too hard?
Too slighted, ay too true: Too hard, ah no!
Th' unwilling Hand makes all her Labours flow.

Unhappy *Albion*'s too repining Eye,
Threw this neglected work of Glory by,
Envy and Avarice barr'd the sacred Tye.

E

False.

22 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Utque laborabant hoc Anglica pectora morbo;
Inde Caledoniæ deerat duxa Dextera Dextra;
Fuscis rara micans oculis, seu Gloria vera;
Lumen Avaritiae dat intine. Hinc debilis oras
Albionis lente attraxit. Capitique supino;
Longius extensum Imperium, dilata Thronique;
Majestas, quidam, quia delaminata valebat;
Terrena nimis venera à dote sagittare.
Hinc datur Ara, Genu, Numen: Te sufficit Auri
Sacra fames, fecisse Deam, eloquens loca esse.

Hinc satis Ambitus. Caput Imperiale minuta;
Attolli, angustè grandea ferre. Latior arcæ;
Sit sceptrum breviusque sat est; solum inde Britannæ;
UNIO dormierat; solum hinc Borealia Sydus;
Constellare suum longiam Albion Astra negavit.
Siste Camæna procax; leviterque ingrata sonantis;
Chordam tangere Lyrae. Sed quæ mora Vera canenti?
Tellus, Pluto, Thetis, quid Terra & Viscera Terræ,
Unda vel Undarum quidiarene condere possint;
Anglia, ut, omne suum cumulat. Hic Ambitus arsis;
Humanæbeu potuit quantillum gratia durum;
Pectus Avaritiae mollire per illius Orbem;
Pròb saturninum, eraffoque sub aere; Lucis;
Haud oritur scintilla, vel ipsa crepuscula Honoris.
Quas Epulas per avaraç suasque panaverat Omnes;
Anglia; participes nullos. Albania abinde;
Albioni necdum convivæ vocata docebat;
Dic Musa, ingratum quid in hospite pectora suadent;
Anglia dura nimis Virtutis præmia tolli;
Juss'erat, Albanisque vel interdixerat ipsam

Mercedem

False-sighted Avarice to true Glory blind!
No wonder whilst this Earthy Meteor shin'd,
To enlarr'd Empire, and extended Pow'r,
Those brighter Gems, true Glory's fairer Dow'r, }
Her shorter-wing'd Ambition ne'er cou'd soar.
No, her supiner Head so high ne'er rais'd
A grosser Hoard the grasping Miser pleas'd.

Behold her then (but those harsh Notes to sing
Lightly my Muse touch the ungrateful string).
Behold her more diminitively Great,
Instead of widening her Imperial Seat,
To her own narrower Soverain Circle bound,
Of single Grandeur fond, more poorly Crown'd.
No, to engross to her own Gripe alone,
The Foreign Mine, and the whole Glebe her own,
In *Albion's* Breast this sole Ambition sway'd,
Her whole Devotion to this Idol pay'd.
Whilst this more groveling Pride her Soul possest,
(No spark of Honour warms thi ungenerous Breast)
Whilst this long Saturnine Ascendant rul'd,
To that unhospitable Churl she cool'd,
Resolv'd t' exclude all sharers from her Feast;
Albania still an uninvited Guest,
The very Right of her Creation batr'd,
Denied ev'n honest Industry's Reward.
Thus the true *Albion* Genius to display, }
Stretch'd like a fatten'd Lyoness she lay
Though gorg'd with Surfeit grumbling o'er her Prey.

24 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Meredem Sudoris. Et bunc depingere velles,
Hunc Genium, nimis Angliacum.—Saturata Leæna
Sic protensa super cumulatæ pondera prædæ,
Luminibus circum torvis, & murmure rauco,
Unguis astrictis, & bianti fauce recumbit :
Nec dum passa novam Venatricem invida campos,
Naturæ commune solum peragrare, rapaci
Gurgite, nec satiata, sibi totum arrogat Orbem.*

*Desine mirari : Quid babes hic, Musa, stupendum !
Seri Operis tantinè velis disquirere Causas,
Altius explores Arcanum ; consule Fatum :
Nil dubites, tardante Deo, hæc lentissima movit
Machina. Majestas Divinior, Astra gubernans,
Provida prælustre hoc Opus assignaverat ANNÆ,
Terrarum Decori Decus. Hoc agitantibus olim
Debile Conamen, frigentia Corda, pusilla
Confilia obſtiterant. Moriturum hinc Embryon ipso
Conceptū perijt. Nunc fervida Pectora, Virtus
Immota, & Lucina Potentior, ANNÆ Labori
Astat. Suscepisse sat est. Opus ANNÆ coronat.*

*Nec deditatum est hic Omnipotentis adesse
Confilium. Divina (quid æquius?) hoc opus ANNÆ
Gratia concessit : Tam pacificumque Laborem
Huic soli finire datur Provincia justa
Decreto Cælesti ; Huic, quæ Bellona Britanna
Tam prope conclusos Victoria Tela Triumphos
Impulit ; & sacris quæ Lauribus addet Olivam.
Illi, quæ demum Pacem Europæ que redemptæ
Et fesso condet Mundo ; quid justius Orbem
Quam deturque suum æternè pacare Britannum.*

En

To a new Huntress in Disdain to yield
Ev'n the least Share in Natures Common Field,
With ravenous Desire her self alone
Grapst the whole Range of the wide World her own.

But stop my Muse, why all this Wonder made
To see this glorious Work so long delay'd.
Oh no! Look higher to Decrees above
That made this vast Machine so slowly move.
No doubt the SOVERAIN on th' Immortal Throne
Reserv'd this Work for ANNE's blest Reign alone.
By cooler Zeal this great Projection try'd,
Alas, before th' abortive Embrio's dy'd;
No more then weak Essays, all faint Disputes.
Great ANNE alone, Resolves and Executes.

Nay possibly th' Immortal Counsels joyn,
(Peculiar Grace, all Equity Divine)
In this fair Choice, to ANNE alone kind Heav'n
Has this select Pacifick Labour given.
She who has push't her conqu'ring Arms so far,
So near the great Decisive Stroke of War;
She whose Triumphant Pow'r shall one Day raise
A Bed of Olive to her Groves of Bays,
Bid the reposing Europe's Troubles cease;
Shou'd justly crown her own Britannia's Peace.

26 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*En Radius vel adhuc (si posse) benignior, Astra
Hic majora favent. Venæ Mentesque tepeſcunt
Angliacæ; ex meliore luto Præcordia; Dextræ
Enitet en duplex nunc Gloria, Martia & Alma.
Ferrea propugnant Argentea Telaque Mundum.
Hæc Fama Albionis, Geniusque illuſtrior, & quæ
Defenſo Mavors & Thesaurarius Orbi.
Ecce tuos vel Imago loquax enarrat Honores:
Te pictum Scutum, tuaque ipsa Inſignia, pingunt,
Anglia; dum Triplex en Aurea Bestia Martis
Sanguineo in Campo ſplendent Emblema Famoꝝ.
Imò armatorum ſat Regia Fama Leonum,
Emicat Europæ Vindex & quæ Unguis & Aurum.*

*Ut caput extulerit tam formidabile, tantis
Lauribus accinctum, tot honoribus, Anglia, Virtus
Cui necdum de fessa, alieno prodiga Mundo,
Millia tot mille ad redimen dūm exhauerat Orbem;
Quid non proximior Soror, illa Albania, tantis
A meritis optet, tam munificaque Britannum
Dextrā? Dextra datur, calidisque amplexibus ultrò
Alma Caledoniam vocat Anglia: Ad ardua & alta
Evectæ Pectus dum Mens Divinior inflat,
Heu meminiſſe pudet; retroſpicit ore rubenti.
Convivæ eternum, nunc participique Sorori
Quas amplas epulas, mensalem en extruit Orbem!*

*Si modò Pegasides ſublimia Carmina dicent,
Terra Baitanna, tuos, que nunc modulentur Honores;
Hinc acquirendas velit enumerare Salutem,
Et Vires, & Opes; nè Cantù Musa laboret.*

Sufficit

Nay, for a yet more influencing Ray
To rule th' Ascendant of this glorious Day,
Behold a more diffusive Goodness reigns
In kind *Britannia's* warmer *Albion Veins* :
So fair in Arms her *Martial Glory* shines.
What rougher *Steel*, and richer *Orient Mines*
Exhausted, both her *Sword* and *Purse* she draws
In succour'd *Christendom's* supported Cause ?
The *Royal Savages* that grace her *Shield*,
Ev'n with a Hieroglyphick Grandeur fill'd,
Their *Crimson Field*, and shining *Oar* so gay,
Her very Soul in Miniature display.
Whilst her bright *Guardant Lyons* we behold
Extend their *Talons*, and melt down their *Gold*.

Thus the dread *Albion* rais'd in Fame so high
Th' *Albanian Union* cou'd no more deny.
She who her generous Millions o'er and o'er,
The *Liberty* of *Europe* to restore, }
In foreign Aids cou'd so profusely show'r ;
T' her nearer and more dear *Albania* now
With warmer Arms, and a more smiling Brow ;
(The too cold Look she lent so long before
T' her more expanded Soul a Thought too poor)
T' her sharing Sister now th' invited Guest (Feast.
Sets forth her whole rich World to make one common

My Muse, cou'd now thy touring Numbers mount
Britannia's spreading Glories to recount,

28 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Sufficit Angliacum Pœana reverberet ; ultrò
Chorda Lyræ resonat, Carmenque accommodat Orbis.
His instructa Choris dum circum Gaudia lustret,
Introeat primum sacerda Limina sacra canentū.

Ad Sancti Stephani Turres hic tollat ocellos ;
Audiat has intratridivias Modulamina Sodes.
Imò salutiferam Tibi, fausta Britannia, Vocem
Oracula hic dederant ; Natosque vocavit Apollo,
Ille opifer ; Medicus Deus hic sanaverat Orbem.
Divisi Imperij non nunc ægre ræstuit Aer,
Temperies Cæliques subdubrior ! Auraque spirat.
Gloriaque hic alas, Virtusque omni obice majon.
Hinc vires, Mavors hinc formidabilis armis,
Paxque serena petet secura hinc otia, Amicis
To circum sempèr ridentibus, Hoste tremente.
Concilium hoc divum certe Deus ipse vocavit ;
Ut quondam Angelicam Bethesdæ ad fidigna Medelania.

Consilio huic satis est longum altamente reponi.
Ex Ore horrendo quondam memorabile dictum.
Cum rapere Imperium Doninandi barbarus ardet,
Ambitus, ut modeat prodendis machina collis.
Tutius, & vincis deceptum subjugat Orbem ;
Debilis heu nimitti, sub aperto Marte, Tyrannis,
Dextraque hostili, conjunctus frangere Vires ;
Ad facinus patrandum astutius auro susurrat
Oraculum Sceleris : Qui dividit, imperet, ajunt
Infernī mandata. Sed hospitaria Regum.

Hac

CARMEN IRENICUM. 29

Her Health, Wealth, Strength, from this blest *Union-Tye*,
Thy Song to furnish, and thy Airs supply,
Thou need'st but listen to the publick Choir ;
And only echo back to tune thy Lyre.
Then for thy borrow'd Song, look all around : —
But make thy Entry first on hallow'd Ground,

First to St. Stephen's Walls thy Eyes upraise :
Hear in that tuneful Sphere th' Harmonious Layes.
This Blessing down to endless Worlds bequeath'd,
'Twas here the Sanatory Voice first breath'd.
Yes, the true *Esculapian Worthies* there
All joyn'd the Great *Britannia's* Health to cheer.
No more Division's sickly Air, no more
The feeble Weakness of disjoynted Pow'r,
Shall clog her Wings, and tow'ring Glory bar.
Ah no, her Veins of Peace, and Nerves of War
By this invigorating *Union* warm'd,
Her Foes all trembling, and her Friends all charm'd,
'Twas this high Call did their great Counsels rule,
Met like the *Angel* at *Bethesda's* Pool.

Well they remember'd, with a pond'ring Thought,
In th' old dark School this sanguine Maxim taught.
When Tyranny, to grafs at Lawless Sway,
Wou'd new projected Plans of Grandeur lay,
And to her Yoke an enslav'd World betray : }
The Harmony of Pow'r, alas, too weak
By hostile Arms and open Force to break ;
Empire by safer Politicks to reach,
Divide and Reign; th' infernal Oracles Preach.

G

But

30 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Hæc ubi stant fundata, Vicarius ipse Deique
Maxima Cura Dei est; se Munimenque suorum
Dat Numen; sic Vox Cœlestis prædicat; “Ob Tu
“ Pacifica, Imperij Genius, datur, UNIO, Dextræ
“ Condere Regna tuæ: Stabilit Concordia Sceptrum.*

*Sic Vox Cælorum; sic Vox Cœlestis, ea ANNÆ
Eloquitur. Dumque illa Tyrannidis ANNÆ flagellum,
Iustitiæ columen, Mundi mijeretur; ad Orbem
Pacandum, æternum mulcendaque Corda Britannum,
Hæc sacra à sacris exaudi Oracula labris.
Sic ANNÆ Albioni, querulaque hæc voce, perorat.*

“ Imperiale Caput, tu Diva Britannia, Magnam
“ Dum te Fama vocat, sis Maxima & Optima: Natos
“ Nosce tuos, æquam sobolemque amplexibus æquè
“ Maternis ob! sume tuam. Divelle profanas
“ Metarum lites. Populi discrimina, gentes
“ Divisæ, æternum delenda Infamia, raucus
“ Exulet Orbe somus. Ratio, Prudentia, tota
“ Astrea, Astreæ Eloquium, cui lora regendi
“ Dij dederint Mundi, si te regat Anglia; Tanta
“ Gloriaque haud satis hæc socialia Fædera suadet,
“ Unica Terrarum moles, en ora, situsque
“ Fundamenque, tuum omne, vel ipsa Creatio, tardum
“ Hoc opus inclamat. En unica Cura Deorum,
“ Unicus, æquoreo sub Numine, Murus aquarum;
“ (Quid rupes, quid saxa valent!) hoc limite Regni
“ Convallat te Diva Salus; ex Orbe dat Orbem.
“ En unum geniale solum, Cunabla tuorum
“ Fæcunda

But when th' Immortal Guardians of the Throne
Make their Divine Vicegerents Cause their own ;
The Soverain Helm of Empire to sustein,
The Voice of Heav'n commands, *Unite and Reign.*

Yes, in this Cause commanding Heav'n appear'd ;
From Heavns Commissiond *Anne* this Voice they heard,
From *ANNE*, proud *Europe's* Guardian *Heroine*,
From her fair Lips, they heard the Breath Divine,
With this melodious Royal Call invite,
Her darling Care, her *Britain* to Unite.

“ Oh thou Imperial Head, whose Honour'd Name,
“ With swelling Titles fills the Trump of Fame ;
“ Be Thou *Britannia* no less *Good*, then *Great* ;
“ Thy equal Race with equal Favours treat.
“ Down with the Barriers, down ; root up the Shame
“ Of harsh Distinction, that Invidious Name.
“ Behold how Reason, Prudence, Justice ; All
“ That ought to rule the World for this blest *Union* call.
“ If possible, for yet more pond'rous Sense
“ Beyond ev'n their inviting Eloquence,
“ Look round and see thy whole Foundation lay'd,
“ Thy very Frame for this blest *Union* made.
“ From th' Universal grosser Mass, thy Throne
“ A select Charge of Heav'n, secure thy own,
“ Thy self a World within Thy self alone. }
“ One watry Wall surrounds thee, one rich Fence
“ The Bulwark of protecting Providence.

Thy

32 CARMEN IRENICUM.

" *Fecunda Heroum, Prolis divinius, aequo*
 " *Marte inflante, aequum Martem spirantis; & uno*
 " *Sub Jove Regali genibus manibusque beatissimis,*
 " *Unaque tu Mater, sis una Britannia, verè*
 " *Magna, Potestatis Sphera Unica; onusque nec ultrà*
 " *Dextera mane trahat, diviso enervior Orbe.*

Sic Dixit; sic ANNA Minerva Britannica. Dicatum
Quas Aures, Animos; quō Corde, Genuque receptum,
Dulcisonum attraxit? Socialia Lumina Regni,
Cæsareos Geminos hinc excitat & mula Virtus.
Acceleratur opus; quæque Hac DUCE, Dextra Labori
Lata ministrat opem: Fato signante, sigillum
En fixum. Satis est Trinum Imperiale jubere.
Hos intrà muros Divinum Velle dat Esse.

En Divi Pauli resonantia Mænia clangunt,
Laudibus Æternis longum illa dicata, Triumphis
Vox ubi sacra canit Cælorum consona; structum
Pallade Divinæ, Caput Augustale resurgit:
A Cinere & fumo nunc Forma venustior; imo
Splendidiora novis ab Honoribus ora resurgent;
Nempe Coronatas nunc prospicit Atria Frontes
Ad sua in æternum, genibus stellentibus, Aras
Solum ad Paulinas, ubi flexerat ANNÆ, vocandas.

Albion, hisce tui Propugnatoribus Orbis
Sufficit haud minor iste Labor, angusta que Fama,
Mundanas solum lites componere, Terras
Conciliasse tuas. Quid si Certamina rerum
Jurgiaque

" Thy whole fair Spot of Earth *one* fertile Bed
 " Of Martial Veins to hardy Virtue bred.
 " Such th' Inborn Genius, rul'd by *One* crown'd Brow,
 " As such the Off-spring, such the Mother too ;
 " Be *One Great Britain* Thou, *One* Orb of Pow'r :
 " And poorly canton out thy World no more.

Thus breath'd the Soverain Voice, whilst all around
 Her *Patriot-Worthies* caught and blest the Sound :
 Those Great *Twin-Mates of Empire* thus inspir'd
 With glowing Zeal and emulous Glory fir'd,
 The *Mighty Three* in bright Conjunction fate,
 And this great Work stampt with the Seal of Fate }
 Within those Walls of Pow'r to Will is to Create. }

And now behold St. *Paul's* Illustrious Pile,
 In his new beauteous Resurrection Smile,
 That Dome long sacred to th' Immortal Praise,
 All Fabrick-work Divine, his Tow'rs upraise,
 To hail *Britannia* t' her long Royal Line,
 Crown'd Heads from Rich *SOPHIA's* Veins Divine,
 Whose bowing Knees shall t' endless Worlds adore
 At the same Shrine where *ANNA* knelt before.

To found the Happiness of this blest *Isle*
 'Tis not enough for our warm PATRIOTS Smile }
 Only contesting Pow'r to reconcile ;
 All terrene jarring Elements thus hush'd,
 Her old *Pict-Wall* (*) long moulder'd into Dust,

(*) *The Wall that once parted the Two Kingdoms.*

34 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Jurgiaque æternum fileant, & imutile pondus
Pictæ jaceat quondam Muri obruta moles ;
Dum Twedæ nunc tutæ Britannia per vada currat .
Læta Triumphali pacatas transeat undas.
Nec minus His Patriæ Cœlestis Patribus, æquè
Cura Foci, Ararum ; Terræ culturaque Cœli ;
Eusebiæ Tutela suæ, sublimior ille
Ambitus, hic Labor est, hæc Gloria. Sacra Britannum
UNIO vel Terrestre simul perfecit Opusque
Cœlestis ! Huic Pacto Collega benignior addi-
Si posse est ; ANNAE quantum pia Pectora flagrant !
Albanoque suo socius Leo Belgicus, ille
Defensor Fidei, Fautorque en additur Aris.

Transeat à Stephani Muris resonantibus Aedes,
Ad Palatinas, repetatque hic Gaudia Musa.
En sanctus, verè sanctus (pia nempe Jacobum
Consecrat ANNA suum) satur ille Jacobus Honorum,
Quò fastu elatus, quòque ore tumente, superbit,
Tot Proceres numerare novos, addenda videre
Lumina tot Regale suum illustrantia Sydus.

En ultrà quondam Aula superior, horrida vili
Pulvere nunc facies ; cùm vidi onustius Aurum
Divaque jam Regum Diadema venustius ora
Irradians, pectus tanto exhilarante Triumpho ;
Regius en Genius Murorum, à funere, fato,
Flamnisque affurgens, ipsas decorare Ruinas,
Dignius ut resonet tantum pœana Britannum
Abstergit Cineres squalenti a fronte, genaque
Euge rubescenti præcondia lata resultant.

Augusta,

The Soverain *Britannia* thus agreed,
 Now her Triumphant Chariot fords the *Tweed*.
 Our *Senate-Worthies* with an equal Toil,
 To cultivate no less th' Immortal Soyl,
 Their dear *Eusebia's* Safety to maintain
 In no less Peace to drive her Polar Wain;
 This *Union* the kind Finishing Hand has given
 At once to the great Work of Earth and Heav'n.
 Nay still more *Colleague Champions* call'd, we view
 Great *ANNE* so warmly this high Cause persue,
 To her *Albanian* joyns the *Belgick Lyon* (*) too.

From the resounding Voice of Triumpli here
 Next listen to St. *James's* jocund Sphere.
 The Great St. *James*, (The Saint? Yes, 'tis enough
 The *Soverain Presence* consecrates that Roof.)
 Lo, where the great St. *James*, yet greater still,
 Those new Court-Stars his Orb of Glory fill,
 That vast Increase of Honour rais'd so high,
 Do's to his Throne those added Lights supply,
 His Constellation swell'd t' a *Galaxy*.

Nay, ev'n the cheer'd *Whitehall*, his once proud Head
 Now low in Dust and Desolation laid,
 Uprais'd to see, once his own Charge Divine,
 Th' Imperial Brow, a Massier Diadem twine,
 The very *Genius* of the *Royal Pile*
 Decks ev'n the Face of Ruine with a Smile;
 Off from his Brows his Ashey Load he throws, (glows.
 Whilst thro' his blooming Checks the mighty Pleasure

(*) A League with the States General to Maintain the HANOVER SUCCESSION.

36 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Augusta, hæc inter tot tamque sonora Britannum
Gaudia, quæle tuum resonat? Nunc altius altum
Tolle caput. Non nunc Anglorum angustior ora
Terminat Imperium. Te tota Britannia solam
Metropolin colit. Inde tua ad Gressamia Natos
Mænia adoptivos, tantæ nova stemmata Matri,
Lætos læta vocas. En addita Gloria fronti.
A Palatinis nunc Turribus ore deorsum
Thamesin aspicias plusquam fraterna beatæ
Brachia tendentem Twedæ. Nunc hospite Vento,
Neptuni famulo, Jove ridentique Marino,
Latius Imperium, proprias proœcta per undas
Carbasatuta vides. Quæ non Industria tranat
Æquora? Teque colunt ipse Orcades: Ultima Tellus
Teque tua agnoscit—Quid non dabit Unio terris?
Et decus & tutamen adest. En alma Britannis
Consulit ANNA suis. sua Fulminaque æqua Tonantis
Cura Caledonio nunc auxiliaria Ponto,
Oceani Vindexque ultricem accommodat Ignem.
Hinc Augusta tibi læto datur ore videre
Angliaci Albanique hæc sacra ligamina sceptri.
Urbs Edinburgum non amplius extera languet,
Convivæ nunc Alma novæ tua Brachia tendis.
Tu pia murali frontem redimita Coronâ,
Flecte salutandæ caput hospes amica Sorori.

Ad Torres sursum nunc Lumina tollat Honori
Divo Musa sacras. En bīc Socialia verè
Magnatum splendent Insignia. Sub Jove miti
Hic videt Amplexus Regum, Convivia Regni.

Hospite

In the loud Joys of this great Day what Share
 Do's fair *Augusta*'s heighten'd Grandeur bear !
 Not only her more narrow *Albion*, now
 The wide *Britannia*'s Metropolitan Brow,
 All pleas'd and charm'd, she to her *Gresham* Walls
 New Filial Heads, a new Adoption calls.
 Yes, t' her exalted Glory 'tis decreed,
 One Social Tie now joyns the *Thames* and *Tweed*.
 Her Canvas Wings now to a larger Mart
 Of Industry, steer'd by one common Chart,
 T' a wider Marine Coast their Sayls shall stretch:
 Ev'n to the *Orcades* her Verge shall reach.
 Nay, the kind Soverain *ANNA* with a more
 Diffusive Ray, to a Remoter Shore,
 Her equal Charge in safety to convey,
 Her Tutelary Thunder guards their Way.
 Thus, fair *Augusta*, with no common Pride
 To see this *Caledonian Gordian* ty'd,
 With hospitable Smiles her Tow'ry Brow,
 Bows to Salute, no more an *Alien* now,
 Her darling inmate Sister *Edinbro'*.

Look next, my Muse, up to th' Illustrious Pile,
 Where Worthies from the warmest Royal Smile,
 All in one Constellated Sphere sit down,
 The Coronet, the Companion of a *CROWN*.
 Here great St. George himself, from his long Rest
 Of Glory wakes to share this Union-Feast.
 Thus wak'd, he do's his own new Trumpet hear,
 Advanc'd the Guardian to a vaster Sphere.

I

T his

*Hospite sub tecllo prælustres ecce Corollaæ
Imperialis ovant Comites Diadematis. Arces
Has inter sacras sacer ecce Georgius, ille
Præses Honorandi longum Agminis. Euge verendum
Hic caput à Requie cælesti suscitat, ipse
Maxima parsque Chori ad præconia tanta vocatus.
Nam sua res agitur: Nunc grandior Orbis, Honoris
Huic Mæcenati dabitur, Provincia sacra.
En ubi Consilium vocat Armorale, suumque
Pantbeon ornari jubet. Ornatumque Tropbæis
Ecce novis, majora volumina condit Honorum.
Imò Britannorum nunc Gloria tota reposita est
Unica Congeries. Honor ille nec Incola muris
Additur Angliacis hæsterna Creatio. Diva
Ecce Caledoniæ deducta ab origine Proles,
Venarum tam digna; à Nobilitate Paternâ
Orta & quæ & nutrita: Haud sufficit emicat Hæres
A stirpe antiqui, stirpique novum addit Honorem.
Nomina Magna videt, sua quæ cælaverat olim
Ferrea penna aureis Tabulis. Hanc perlege Famam
Fonte Caledonio exortam. Quid non Plaga sana
Hæc poterit! Veneranda en Gloria, tamque vetusta
Nobilitas viget hic, minus haud mansuraque Sydus
Quam Boreale suum, famulisque haud junior Astris.*

*Utque Honor hic divo lustratur Lumine ; ab alto
En ubi præstrictis oculis obvertitur ANNA,
Illa Caledonio a Fundamine condita Mundi
Gloria. Nec minus hinc Successio, ea ultima Regni
Diva salus : BOJEMA BASIS simul hinc datur Orbi.
Ut tandem non omne retrò, sed & omnia prorsum,
Quicquid*

T' his Garter, *Norreys, Clarinceux*, he calls,
 With new Records t' adorn their *Pantbeon* Walls.
 Whilst more voluminous *Pandect* Piles the whole
Britannick HONOUR in one Roof enroll.
 New Piles which shall those added Beams display,
 Not the Creation-work of Yesterday ;
 True *Caledonian* HONOUR, Names so fair,
 So worthy the great Race whose Veins they heir,
 Copies from the Original drawn so true, (grew
 That from th' Illustrious Roots from whence they }
 They borrow Lustre, and they lend it too.
 Sprung from an Ancestry whose Names so old
 Their own *Steel Pens* first wrote in Leaves of Gold,
 Those Antique Founts of Fame, ev'n remov'd back so far
 Scarce *Junior* to the Stars in their own *Northern Carre.*

Such HONOUR Honour's *Patron Saint* beheld,
 Thro' the Display of this Armorial Field.
 Whilst his new open'd Eyes thus upwards mount,
 Lo, where bright *ANNE*, her *Caledonian Fount*,
 Presents new Glories to his dazled View.
 Nor *ANNE* alone hence her great Origine drew :
 Shining he sees from the same Source Divine
 Her bright *Succession*, the BOHEMIAN *Line*.
 If then our All behind, and All before,
 All we enjoy, and all we hope for more,
 All that our Prayers can beg, or Gold can buy,
 All that *Britannia's* Wishes to supply
 She never thought she pay'd a Price too high. :

All

40 CARMEN IRENICUM.

Quicquid speremus, vel quid potiremur, ab almâ
 Pace Throni, a Patriæ verè Patre afflit, Omne
 Optandum a Regnis, precibusque auroque petendum,
 Omniaque a votis quô non pretio empta Britannis,
 Dante Deo, manibusque suis Regalibus Orbi
 Hinc data fælici, per diva vetricula Sceptris
 Ecce Coronandæ Frontes, Auriga Britannus,
 Stemma Caledonium est. Ditata Britannia ab illo
 Thesauro Regum, Jani hinc illuminat ora.
 Totum opus hinc duplii Fronti dedit. Occupat omnes
 Lustrando en oculos Solium Imperiale Britannum,
 Regnorum Columnæ, Majestatemque perennem
 Diva Caledonie Fæcundia condidit Orbi.

*En tua nunc Edvardo, Saruim Comitissay nitentissimis
 Pulchra olim Angliacæ GEMMÆ quæ fabra, cadentem
 Fausta Periscelidem stellavit; adesse Triumphis
 Hisce, Quadringtonos prob longum onerata per annos
 Pondere Marmoreo, somnum nunc discutit altum.
 Pulchrior assurgens renovato Lumine Magnum
 Aspiciens HEROA suam, Gallumque Tyrannum
 Sub vincis Anglo positis a Marte gentem;
 Ecce novo Visù Vietricem transit ad ANNAM
 Bellonam Anglegenam Campis, Solioque Minervam
 Sceptrorum hic oculis diva obviat UNIO, & inde
 Invictæ Vires, Pactum inviolabilis, Virtus
 Strenua, firma Fides, animataque Pectora Regni;
 Et tunc fatidico sic vaticinatur ab ore,
 “ Gallico ad Aspectus nunc Cordetreniente Britanno,
 “ Omnes Edvardos hinc Britonas affore Reges.
 Viribus*

All from a giving God t' a happy Land
Convey'd down thro' his own Vicegerent's Hand,
Are the warm Blessings from the Soverain Beams:
Those Soverain Heads are *Caledonian Stems.*
Hence the Descendants to her endles^s Throne,
Th' enricht *Britannia* from this Mine alone
At once to the enlighten'd *Janus* gives,
Both his Imperial beauteous Prospectives ;
Her fruitful *Caledonian Soyl* supplies,
Work ev'n for his whole double Range of Eyes.

Nay, Great Third *Edward's* beauteous *Sarum* there, }
She who the Foundress of a Gem so fair, }
Once dropt a *Garter* to light up a STAR,
Rais'd from her Sleep of four long hundred Years,
So loud this echoing Triumph strikes her Ears,
When viewing in her own Crown'd Heroe's Train
A Royal captive *Gaul* wear th' *Albion* Chain,
With a Prophetick Light her Eyes casts down
To Great *Britannia's* now *United-Crown.*
An *Union* whose bright Influence shall so charm }
Her smiling Eyes, her spritely Veins so warm, }
So strongly nerve her Formidable Arm ;
From Colleague Kingdoms joyning Hearts and Hands,
Pow'rs whole embodied Force linkt in eternal Bands,
Till trembling *France* shall to dread *BRITAIN* bow,
Her whole crown'd Race shall all reign *Edwards* now.

*Viribus ex hisce Unitis quæ Regia Sceptrum
 Dextra geret? Siquando, Britannia, ad Arma vocaris
 Ecce à montanis boreale Penatibus Agmen
 Angliaco immixtum Marti, junctæque phalanges,
 (Nunc quantum tua Causa valet!) famulæque Tonantis
 Ad tua convalidis vibrandum fulmina dextris
 Attulerint se, corda, manusque, focosque, Laresque
 Insula tèr fælix, cui tutelaria plusquam
 Igne Prometheo præcordia subdia flagrant.
 Numen ecce novum. Te murus aquaticus ambit,
 Circum Defensor Neptunus, Jupiter intus.*

*Quas Turres plusquam nova Troja, Britannia, condidit
 Has intra unitas tua Dextra Potentior Arces
 Palladiumque tuum, Terrarum Orbisque reponit.
 Si nova delirans, iterumque infesta, Tyrannis,
 Audeat infælix renovare incendia Mundo,
 Cum primùm prægnans, conceptuque ad Jovis instar
 Ingemit armato, fætus longum ante nefandi
 Parturam; cum nondum horrenda Ministra Labori
 Vulcani nimis atra Manus Lucina vocatur,
 Tunc tua Terrarum vigil indefessaque Cura
 Hauserit ut primos sceleris læsa aure susurros;
 Dum caput iratum attollens, & voce tremenda
 Divina attonitum Vindicta audita per Orbem
 Intonet; Ambitio languens, en mortua necdum
 Nata! Sat a torvo tibi Lumine missile Fatum.
 Hinc moritur; venit hinc lethalis arundinis ictus.*

Audeat

Yes, how shall now the *British* Monarchs reign
 With such linkt Hands the Scepter to maintain !
 Whole Clans shall now, new Champions of the Crown,
 March from their Hills in rang'd Battalions down ;
 Joyn'd with the *Albion Bands*, all proudly wait
 To weild their dear *Britannia's* Bolts of Fate.
 Thus happy Isle, to rase thy Diadem higher,
 Betwixt thy true Promæthean Souls of Fire,
 And thy proud Watry Walls, securely Crown'd,
 Jove guards thee safe within, and *Neptune* round.

With this new Majesty t' adorn thy Brow,
Britain, thy own, and *Europe's* Guardian now,
 Lodg'd in thy Arm of Pow'r, at once we view
 Thy *Troynovant's* and the World's *Palladium* too,
 For, oh, shou'd hardy Tyranny aspire
 Once more to dare to set the World o' Fire ;
 Big like the Brain of Jove with her arm'd Birth,
 Long e'er her Bolted Vengeance to bring forth,
 T' assist her labouring Pangs, her dire Commands
 Shall call her hammering *Cyclops* Midwife-Hands :
 At the Alarm, shall wak'd *Britannia* rouze
 With all the dreadful Terrors on her Brows,
 'Twill be enough with her big Voice of Doom
 To blast the unborn Embrio in the Womb ;
 Enough alone to raise her aweful Head,
 And look th' abortive bold Ambition dead.

44 GARMEN IRENICUM.

*Audeat haud ultrà Mundorum Insania vana
 Perturbare tuam, secura Britannia, Pacem.
 Lauribus æternis Hæres, Victoria Currū
 Infidet Alta tuo, solumque hæc sede triumphat.
 Imò ubi ad exemplar ANNÆ ducentis, ab extrà
 Terrarum Regio, fractâ pace, obrutaque Umbris
 Funefis, ad te prece supplice tendat, ut almam
 Mutuet hinc Lucem solum a Titane Britanno,
 Ecce tuo Solio Divina Astrea recumbens,
 Ate mandanti circùm Imperialia tradet
 Auribus attentis Animisque Oracula Mundi.
 Nempe tua æternū nunc formidanda Potestas
 Äqui Instauratrix Propugnatrixque Thronorum
 MARLBORIOS dabit alma novos : Dabit UNIO Terris
 ANNÆ Immortalis Genium. Rediviva Britanni
 Hinc Anima Hæc Mundi per secula longa superstis.*

*Munera tanta ANNÆ precibus donata Senatus
 Auspicio—(Auspicio superorum, cœlitus Orbi
 Donata Angliaco;) quô dives Aromate ad Aras,
 Dante Deo, recipit ! Replent quæ Gaudia Pectus
 Plusquam Maternum struxisse Nepotibus ANNAM
 Hunc nidum halcionis ? Quanto hæc celebratur Honore
 Provida in æternum sæclis data Cura beandis !
 Albion hæc opus exegit. Magno ecce WILHELMO
 Solum Ichnographiam tanti Moliminis, Astra
 Depinxisse dedere : Laborem illique, minori
 Anglorum Alcidæ, fatis a Diisque negatum,
 ANNÆ Majori concedunt Numinæ. Divum
 Incipere en Huic dant, Huic dant finire Colossum.*

Nec

Britain no more by hostile Worlds assai'l'd,
 Conquest ev'n by Inheritance entail'd,
 From the high Copy by great *ANNE* begun,
 Hither shall distrest Nations Suppliant run,
 For borrow'd Light from *Britain's* Lending *Sun.* }
 The Soverain *Aftrea* on thy Throne,
 Divine *Britannia*, from thy Breath alone,
 Shall her Imperial Oracles disperse
 Around the list'ning and obeying Universe.
 Yes, thy dread Strength, thy formidable Pow'r,
 Right to Defend, and ravish'd Thrones restore,
 Shall t' endles Worlds new *MARLBOROUGH*'s supply
 And the Immortal *ANNE*'s great *Genius* never Die.

To *ANNE*'s warm Pray'rs this radiant Blessing
 (given,
 From courted *Senates*, and more courted *Heav'n*,
 T' a giving God, what Incense shall She pay,
 To hail the Joys of this Auspicious Day !
 Yes, to behold her Filial Charge thus Blest,
 Herself the Foundress of this *Halcyon* Nest, }
 What vast Maternal Raptures swell that Breast ?
 This Glorious Labour, in great *WILLIAM*'s Reign,
Britannia's less *Alcides*, try'd in vain,
 The Star-crown'd Heroe, from his own fair Plan,
 Looks smiling from his *Heav'n* to see the greater *ANNE*,
 A Pile to his attempting Zeal deny'd,
 Begin and finish the Triumphal Pyramide.

46 CARMEN IRENICUM.

*Nec mirum hæc tanto Conamine Machina Regni
Surrexit : Pietas ANNÆ tam strenua flagrat,
Ut Terræ & Cæli Defensor, provida utrique
Consulit. Accedet, Sceptrae precarius Hæres,
Hæres heu nimis angusti tuus HANOVER Orbis,
Ad curtum Diadema, & Semi-Britanna Trophæa?
Aftraque & ANNA vetant. Conviva beatior Aris
Extructis, Epulis sempèr Cælestibus, Ille
Successor, ad Sceptra, hæc non violanda ; Thronumque
Immotum ; & nunquam nutantia Templa, vocatur.*

*Europæ voluit sic Arbiter. Illius ANNÆ
Musa Triumphantis velis enumerare Labores,
Quid non perfecit, quid non perfecerit ANNA !
Quid Decus Albioni, quantam Albionique Salutem
Contulit ; Imperium quantum modulata beatum.
Illius a Dextrâ non impia territa solùm
Ambitio elanguet : Tanto Moderamine Sceptri,
Pacificæ Auspiciis ANNÆ Discordiaque ipsa
Religiosa filet. Pia non deliria, ab Aris
Flamma nimis violenta ; Furorque nec obflrepet ultrâ
Horrida ad arma vocans. Vanescent nubila : Nulla
Audebit turbare Deum Titania Proles.
In sempiternum Jovis hinc secura Britanni
Gloria nullatimet nunc Bella movenda Gigantum.*

F I N I S.

Yes, not proud *Europe's* Guardian-Head alone,
No less the Champion of th' *Immortal Throne*,
In her dear Altars Cause her strenuous Arm
Nerv'd with a Piety so all divinely warm,
Resolv'd t' invite th' *HANOVERAN Successour*
Not to half Empire, a precarious Pow'r ;
To treat more Nobly that Imperial Guest,
Securely founds an everlasting Feast.

The Past, the Present, and the Future too,
ANNE's whole summ'd Glories set at their full view, }
What has She done? And what shall She not do? }
What Safety and what Lustre round the Throne
Has She for ever fixt, her Work alone?
How shall She deck the proud Imperial Robe,
And how, how tune her whole Harmonious Globe ;
Not only hush *Ambition* into Peace :
She can ev'n make *Religious Discord* cease.
No frantick Zeal at home, nor from abroad
Shall Pow'rs aspiring Lust dare front the *God* :
No Clouds within, no Tempests from afar,
A *British Jove* shall fear no *Gyants-War*.



